1: Jenness--90 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 264, 422

"In the winter, when each housewife cooks in her own hut, she can hide away some of the choicer portions of the meat for her husband and herself to eat after all the visitors have left; but in summer, when most of the cooking is done out of doors, everyone gathers round the pot to eat and no concealment is possible. Surplus food is the property of the family, and can be stored away for a future occasion. In summer innumerable caches of deer-meat and fish are strewn all over the country, each of which is the property of a single family. It is a serious crime to rob one of these caches, except under pressure of starvation."

1: Jenness--90-91 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 264

"Within the family the food belongs equally to all the members. The woman naturally takes charge of it, (1) but the husband and children may help themselves at any time. When a meal is in progress every stray visitor who looks in for a moment must be offered something, even if it be only a tiny morsel of meat or fat. The man may be exceedingly unwelcome, but his hostess would hardly dare to neglect him for fear of public disapproval; but in such cases the visitor himself will usually decline the food. I tried to conform to their customs as far as possible while I was living in their midst and when cooking rice, for example, [91] would leave a little in the pot for such Eskimos as happened to be present. Often their [sic] would be twenty natives and only one plateful of rice among them all, but everyone, even the smallest child,had to receive a taste of it. (1)"

"1. If a woman received some hardbread or similar food from us she invariably kept a portion for her husband or child, though they might be miles away."

"1. When living with Ikpakhuak and his family I would take what I wanted of the food, then hand the pot to Higilak to serve her husband. She would set out his portion, and her own with it, then pass round the remainder among the visitors. It was very amusing sometimes to watch her fill the spoon, tell some full-grown man to open his mouth, then cram the spoon and its contents nearly down his throat."

"Owing to their manner of life there are no set hours for meals. Breakfast is eaten as soon as they wake, then usually nothing more till the day's work is over. In winter, when it is certain that the sealers will return as soon as it grows dark, each wife has always a substantial meal ready for her husband, and the smell of boiling seal-meat and steaming broth strike his nostrils as soon as [100] he enters the hut. If the meat is not quite cooked he will often undress and eat in bed. In spring and summer, when the weather is mild and the daylight long, it is altogether uncertain when the husband will return. If the fishing is poor he will probably turn up as the sun reaches the west; if good, not until it is well in the north; while if he happens to be caribou hunting he may be absent twenty-four hours or more. The wife then cooks whenever she feels inclined, eats her meal alone, and puts some of the meat away for him so that he may eat the moment he returns. Woe betide the wife who keeps him waiting after a day spent in fishing or hunting! Even if the whole family has participated in the same pursuit the wife should return early, if possible, so as to have everything ready for the rest when they arrive in camp.

If the weather is inclement and the men unable to go out hunting they frequently spend much of the day in bed. The wife then cooks when she wishes, usually towards evening. A little food is often left on the table at night or beside the door of the tent close to their heads, so that they can reach out and eat, if they wake up, without stirring from their

sleeping-bags.

The quantity of food consumed at one meal naturally varies according to the amount of fat it contains. Men and dogs will half-starve on a diet of lean caribou-meat, however plentiful, whereas half the quantity of blubbery seal-meat will satisfy their desires and keep them well nourished. The appetite of the average Eskimo is not abnormal; as Dr. Anderson has pointed out, it is no greater than that of a white man living under the same conditions on the same diet."

1: Jenness--100 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 262, 264

"The fish and deer-meat dried in the summer, and the meat kept frozen from the autumn, are generally all consumed by the beginning of the new year. In these latitudes the sun disappears for the winter night about the beginning of December, and few seals are caught before the middle of that month. On December 6, 1914, 'dinner' in an Eskimo's hut consisted of four courses, caribou-fat, frozen caribou-meat, a dried and very mouldy fish, and, last of all, a portion of boiled caribou-leg. The Eskimos were camped on the coast at the time, so the boiling of caribou-meat was not prohibited. They like to have a stock of caribou back-fat to eat with the frozen meat and to nibble at whenever they feel inclined. During the winter, however, seal-meat constitutes their principal, and for several months their only food. Small pieces of skin and blubber are frequently eaten both when cutting up the seal and later; especially is this the case with the bearded seal. A strip of blubber is usually left on the table inside the hut, and the visitor helps himself to a small cube of it about the size of a sugar lump. The liver and kidneys are always eaten raw, generally unfrozen, while the intestines of the bearded seal are considered a delicacy. So, too, are the flippers, both of the bearded seal (Erignathus barbatus) and of the rough seal (Phoca hispida). The blood is poured into a sealskin bucket, and kept for thickening the soup; generally it freezes into a solid lump."

1: Jenness--106 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 264

"Their lack of cleanliness is shown also in their manner of eating. Every family has a stock of bird skins for use as towels and napkins. Theoretically ptarmigan skins are preferred when eating deer-meat, and sea-gull skins when eating seal-meat, but in practice any skins at all are used; the only diacrimination the natives make is that the same skin should not be used for both kinds of meat, not because there is any taboo against it, but because seal-meat is so much more oily. The same napkin is used by everyone until it is worn out. Food that falls to the ground is picked up and eaten. The dishes are never washed, and are used for human beings and dogs alike. Instead of a dish-mop or cloth, the woman uses her finers to drain the pot or to scour out a bowl or ladle. Much of their uncleanliness is undoubtedly due to the difficulty of obtaining water during the greater part of the year, but it extends far beyond anything that can be ascribed to this cause alone."

2: Stefansson--59 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
291, 264

"The skins of all birds are used for handwipers after eating greasy food, and the skins of loons are used for slippers between the socks and outer boots in winter. Loon skins are also used during the fly season in summer to beat off mosquitoes."

2: Stefansson--60-61 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 264

"In a snowhouse, where space is limited, the guests usually eat standing while the master of the house, his wife, and perhaps an especially honored visitor sit on the edge of the bed. The woman divides the meat into as many (or more) pieces as there are people present, squeezes each tightly between both hands so that no blood or juice shall later drip on the floor while it is being eaten, and hands the best piece to the guest of honor, i.e., a visitor from another village. If there is no especially distinguished guest, the woman hands the best piece to her husband, she will not keep a good piece for herself though she may make up for that by eating a few tidbits between meals. Each person present has a piece handed him in turn, the order being generally one of age, the oldest first. A middle-aged woman will be served ahead of a young man though an old woman or a decrepit man may be ranked lower than a middle-aged one. A few usually get a second helping though I have never seen enough pieces of meat at a meal to go twice around.

When the meat course is finished the warm blood soup is dipped up with [61] musk-ox horn dippers and these are passed around in about the same order as the meat was. Several persons often have to use the same dipper in succession; a single house seldom has more than five or six dippers and twelve or fifteen people often eat in a single house. If the pot is not large enough to satisfy all present, then it is filled with meat a second time, or a few of the younger people are given frozen instead of boiled meat. In case of

two or three boilings, each potful is eaten while the next is cooking, and the blood soup course follows only the last potful of meat.

The foregoing is based on the practice of the Akuliakattagmiut and Haneragmiut, who were the only ones visited while still living on the ice or by the seashore in May, 1910."

2: Stefansson--69 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 264, 561

"At a meal the head of the house or an important visitor gets the first dipperful [JMR: i. e. of blood soup] but never gets a second helping until all present have had their turn. The woman who serves, drinks last, but grown women present are preferred to boys. Rank at meals is by age irrespective of sex; decrepit persons rank below those of middle age."

2: Stefansson--70 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 264, 412

"In eating, both sexes prefer to use ulus (women's knives), a copper ulu is preferred to a man's iron knife."

2: Stefansson--226-227 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
515, 264, 117

"May 3. Eskimo Cleanliness. Certain remarks and deeds of Pannigabluk's today prompt me to enter certain things about Eskimo cleanliness, etc. Pan. will clean dog excrement off a sole of a pair of boots with her ulu, wipe it casually with a rag that may have had as bad uses a dozen times before, and then proceed to eat with the ulu or cut up with it food for cooking. She will not use the same spoon twice in a half hour to stir her own tea without wiping it between times with the same rag, if it so falls, with which she has just wiped the ulu. Most of the Eskimo I know will pick up and eat without concern a piece of blubber, cooked meat, raw meat, fish etc., that falls on the floor, no matter in what state the floor is, but most of them would throw away a piece of bread that dropped in the same way. I noticed this especially in Roxy's house. He has been with the police a great deal, and seen them throw away such pieces; naturally, they less often would drop meat, etc., than bread, besides meats are native foods and the [227] customs with regard to them are of long standing. In times of scarcity they will eat their own foods to the last scrap and take pride always in a clean picked bone, but I never saw a bacon rind eaten, nor even shaved close in time of necessity. E. g., I gave bacon to Kunaluk's starving family last spring, he threw away nearly a fourth of the bacon with the rind.

Most Eskimo wash religiously every morning. Usually, they soap profusely and leave it unrinsed on the face. Few of them seem to care if the water is dirty. In

Ovayuak's house up to twenty would wash from the same water or until the dish was empty. Then the towel passes around, the same for months, and occasionally a nose blown into it incidentally.

On my telling Pan. one day that certain water was dirty she said that was no matter, she was just going to wash the teapot inside with it. I am considered a sort of renegade because I insist on the teapots and my own cup remaining unwashed. I have often heard my natives tell strangers that with many good qualities I have the failing, differing thus from most white men, of caring little for cleanliness in my food utensils. That I prefer manifestly dirty dishes to apparently clean ones in an Eskimo house, is considered a curious eccentricity; some seem to think it is 'put on'.

Pan. will sometimes wash a pot thoroughly with an ancient dish rag and then use the water to make soup. She will hook with the dirtiest finger fo the bottom of a cup of tea or water to get a deer hair, of which she conceived me, in common with 'all' white men to be in horror, in spite of my protests that I rather am fond of hair in my food. I have known no Eskimo to contract the white man's horror of hairs in food. As with us, white cloth garments must be washed, a dark one may be as dirty as it will."

"At meals the couple of the house and anyone else who cares to, usually an old or middle-aged man, sit on the edge of the bed platform with their feet hanging over; younger visitors stand, as do the children who typically come in from play to eat and dart out again when done. When the meat is considered cooked, the woman takes it out of the pot, using a handle-less musk-ox horn dipper in her right hand and the fingers of the left hand. The pieces are put on the sideboard in front of the lamp and left to cool. They are occasionally felt of, and when comfortably cool to the hand, the woman takes a piece, squeezes it between her two hands to squeeze out any water that might drop on the floor or one's clothes, rubs off the blood (seal blood coagulates in the water in grains and thickly covers each piece of meat as it is taken out). Then the woman hands out the pieces. In our case, who were guests of especial honor, the husband took the piece intended for us, usually felt of it and the other pieces to see if it was really the best, squeezed it again and rubbed it to make it drier, and then handed it to us, saying their meat was not much good, but this was about the best piece. In all cases blubber was carefully trimmed off, until they found that I liked to have some left on mine.

Most of the people hold the meat in both hands and do not use a knife; some use an ulu, eating in the ordinary Eskimo fashion, biting into the meat and then cutting just in front of the teeth. After eating the hands are wiped on a birdskin. I have seen

ptarmigan, gull, and swan used. Then any fragments that have dropped on the floor are scraped under the table with an ulu."

3: Rasmussen--38 [2] (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 264, 784

"Cod must never be eaten together with the blubber of a bearded seal, nor blubber that has been stored in bags of seal skin since the previous spring."

3: Rasmussen--107 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 225, 264

"When a seal is caught by those who hunt together at the breathing holes, all collect round the carcase. The man who harpooned it goes down on his knees on the ice at the head of the seal on its left. All his companions also get on their knees, but on the right of the carcase, in a half circle from head to flippers. The hunter then opens the body and cuts out a piece of the liver and small squares of blubber. A piece of liver and of blubber are then thrown far out on the ice, while the hunter cries: 'Here, here (is my offering) may there soon be another seal that will let me catch it!' Then more liver and blubber is cut out, all in small squares, a piece of liver to every piece of blubber; the hunter himself has always to eat the akugLiŋ'uAq (see sketch) [MPK: sketch filed in 116, 825], and, as soon as he has done so, all the others must rise and each one eat his piece of the liver. After the meal they carefully close the small hole through which the liver was taken, using a wound pin, in order that no blood may be wasted."

3: Rasmussen--192-193 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 264, 539

"Two men were once out to fetch meat from a cache. When they had thawed the meat out and afterwards were about to eat, they simply built a very tiny snow hut, a long hut with no floor, [193] where they then lay with their heads towards one another and ate, and every time they offered each other a mouthful, they said: Here is some meat for you. For their manner of eating was the usual one, taking turns at passing the same piece of meat from one to the other, each one taking only a mouthful at a time, and so they continued: Here is some meat for you! Here is some meat for you! Here is some meat for you!

Then suddenly they heard a voice outside cry:

That poor meat!

It was the spirit of the air, who merely wished to let them know that it was over them and closely watching what they did, for such is the spirit of the air; it is over one when one least expects it."

"When we had entered the house the boiled pieces of seal-meat had already been taken out of the pot and lay steaming on a side-board. On being assured that my tastes in food were not likely to differ from theirs, my hostess picked out for me the lower joint of a seal's fore-leg, squeezed it firmly between her hands to make sure nothing should later drip from it, and handed it to me, along with her own copper-blade knife; the next most desirable piece was similarly squeezed and handed to her husband, and others in turn to the rest of the family. When this had been done, one extra piece was set aside in case I should want a second helping, and the rest of the boiled meat was divided into four portions, with the explanation to me that there were four families in the village who had no fresh seal-meat. The little adopted daughter of the house, a girl of seven or eight, had not begun to eat with the rest of us, for it was her task to take a small wooden platter and carry the four pieces of boiled meat to the four families who had none of their own to cook. I thought to myself that the pieces sent out were a good deal smaller than the individual portions we were eating, and that the recipients [177] would not get quite a square meal; but I learned later that night from my two companions that four similar presents had been sent out from each of the houses where they were eating, and I know now that every house in the village in which any cooking was done had likewise sent four portions, so that the aggregate must have been a good deal more than the recipients could eat at one time. During our meal presents of food were also

brought us from other houses; each housewife apparently knew exactly what the others had put in their pots, and whoever had anything that was a little bit different would send some of that to the others, so that every minute or two a small girl messenger appeared in our door with a platter of something to contribute to our meal. Some of the gifts were especially designated as for me--mother had said that however they divided the rest of what she was sending, the boiled kidney was for me; or mother had sent this small piece of boiled seal-flipper to me, with the message that if I would take breakfast at their house to-morrow I should have a whole flipper, for one of my companions was over at their house now, and had told them that I considered the flipper the best part of a seal.

As we ate we sat on the front edge of the bed-platform, holding each his piece of meat in the left hand and the knife in the right. This was my first experience with a knife of native copper; I found it more than sharp enough and very serviceable. The piece of copper (float) from which the blade had been hammered out had been found, they told me, on Victoria Island to the north in the territory of another tribe, from whom they had bought it for some good driftwood from the mainland coast. My hostess sat on my right in front of the cooking-lamp, her husband on my left. As the house was only the ordi-. nary oval snow dome, about seven by nine feet in inside dimensions, there was only free room for the three of us on the front edge of the two-foot-high snow platform, over which reindeer, bear, and musk-ox skins had been spread to make a bed. The children, therefore, ate standing up on the small, open floor space to the right of the door as one

enters; the lamp and cooking-gear and frames for drying clothing over the lamp took up all the space to the left of the door. In the horseshoe-shaped, three-foot-high doorway stood the three dogs of my host, side by side, waiting for some one to finish [178] the picking of a bone. As each of us in turn finished a bone we would toss it to the dogs, who retired with it to the alleyway, and returned to his position in line again as soon as he had finished it. When the meal was over they all went away unbidden, to curl up and sleep in the alleyway or out-of-doors.

Our meal was of two courses: the first, meat; the second, soup. The soup is made by pouring cold seal blood into the boiling broth immediately after the cooked meat has been taken out of the pot, and stirring briskly until the whole comes nearly (but never quite) to a boil. This makes a soup of a thickness comparable to our English pea-soups, but if the pot be allowed to come to a boil, the blood will coagulate and settle to the bottom. When the pot lacks a few degrees of boiling, the lamp above which it is swung is extinguished and a few handfuls of snow are stirred into the soup to bring it to a temperature at which it can be freely drunk. By means of a small dipper the housewife then fills the large musk-ox-horn drinking-cups and assigns one to each person; if the number of cups is short, two or more persons may share the contents of one cup, or a cup may be refilled when one is through with it and passed to another.

After I had eaten my fill of fresh seal-meat and drunk two pint cupfuls of blood soup, my host and I moved farther back on the bed-platform, where we could sit comfortably, propped up against bundles of soft caribou-skins, while we talked of various things. He and his wife asked but a few questions, and only such as could not be considered intrusive, either according to their standards as I learned them later or according to ours."

11: Stefansson--187 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 264

"At this time of year (the middle of May) there was no darkness at midnight, for summer was approaching. Nevertheless the people took three meals a day with fair regularity, and our dance ended about eight o'clock in the evening, when the women announced supper."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

with their own country, which contained enough seals and caribou to satisfy all their needs.

I intended to revisit the settlement on Victoria Island at the earliest opportunity, but preferred to choose my own travelling companions. Our guests therefore returned alone, while I arranged to spend a few days in the hut of the leader of our local tribe. My host, the hero of the skirmish with the grizzly, had now recovered the use of his right hand, and was preparing to cross to the Liston and Sutton Islands for the seal-hunt, since it was still too early in the winter to build a hut on the sea-ice far away from land. He suggested that I should join his train to the islands and push on later to Victoria Island, which was but thirty-five miles beyond; and as the invitation accorded well with my plans I accepted gladly.

The wife of my host was Light, the lady who had filched the pot and the frying-pan from our station. It has not been my habit to lodge among thieves, but my experience on this occasion was most encouraging. Light was charming as a hostess. She licked my plate before each meal that I might eat from a clean dish, and when handing me boiled seal meat from her steaming pot she squeezed it tenderly between thumb and forefinger that no surplus juice might drip on my clothing. Lacking candy, she showered on me the national substitute, delicate cubes of oily seal-blubber;

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
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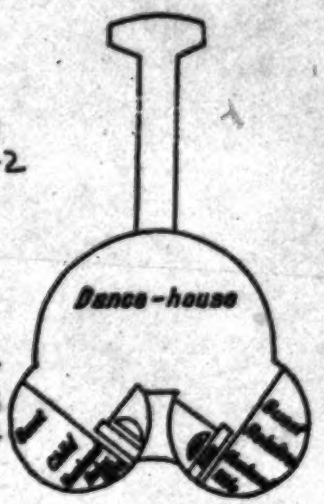
a better idea of its shape and internal arrangements than a lengthy description. Theoretically a snow-hut may be of any size, provided you have ladders, or timber to form a staging. The Eskimos have neither. To build a large dance-hall like that shown in the plan they stand on boxes, bales of clothing, and anything that may be available. So the height of their largest hut never exceeds eight feet, and the diameter is limited to correspond. Being a sociable people, however, two families often share a single dwelling, and two or three others arrange their huts so that they open onto the same passage.



Imagine us, then, sitting on the edge of the sleeping-platform eating our supper, myself at one end of the line, Mrs. Light at the other facing her table and lamp. The different members of the family are grouped between us, two boys, a grown-up nephew, and lastly Mrs. Light's husband, who naturally has a seat beside his wife. The youngest boy carries presents of fish to the inmates of the other huts, and two little girls who return with him, bringing similar offer-

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ings for us, stand shyly inside the doorway, kicking their feet together restlessly as though knocking off the snow. Every one is tired after the day's journey, and as soon as the meal is ended strips off his clothes, tucks them under his head for a pillow, and glides into a sleeping-bag of caribou fur. Mrs. Light is the last to retire, for she still has some small duties to perform. She calls in the dogs from the passageway, one by one, throws them a few strips of blubber, and drives them out with the snow-duster, a short stick for beating the snow from our garments. Then she adjusts the lamp for the night, turns our boots and mittens so that they will dry on both sides, fits the snow-block into the doorway to keep out the cold air and the dogs, and slips quickly into her husband's "double" bag of caribou fur. Most of the inmates sleep with their mouths open, and their loud snores reverberating inside the hut drown the less resonant notes of the dogs in the passage.

Leaving Putulik, I rejoined my late acquaintances on Victoria Island. The sun no longer climbed above the horizon, and the "day" was limited to the twilight hours from 9:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; but a bright moon lit up the trail for me during the last three hours of the journey. The tribe was still living in the same settlement, for the women had not completed all the new fur clothes their families required during the winter months, and it would violate one of their most rigid taboos to finish the sewing in the season,

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The Eskimos, who were greatly amused at my ignorance of everything pertaining to sealing, now scored another laugh at my expense. As we gazed down into the seal-hole one of them asked me whether I intended to drink from it. The joke seemed so obvious that I answered rather casually, "No. I do not care to drink salt sea-water." But the men around me smiled, and my questioner, kneeling down, scooped up a handful of slush ice that was floating on the surface, let it drain through his fingers for a moment, and swallowed it with gusto. Still doubting, I tested the ice myself; it was perfectly fresh, being simply the pure snow above converted into slush when it fell into the water.

The only hardship we suffered on these journeys was thirst, caused by the want of liquids in our diet. We breakfasted on cold boiled seal meat left over from our supper, dragged the heavy sleds from ten to fifteen miles, and re-erected the cumbersome tents at the conclusion of the march; then, when the day's work was ended, we sat down to our second meal, and received from the cooking-pot another ration of seal meat. No fruit, no vegetables; morning and night nothing but seal meat washed down with ice-cold water or hot broth. The pot of tea I made as soon as the tents were erected gave little relief to so many parched throats. One man drank two large cups of soup, two of tea, and nine of ice-cold water, all within the space

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Our party split up each morning and drifted in different directions, each person carrying a fishing outfit, and the men their hunting weapons. Nine or ten hours later the women straggled back with their fish, bearing also, in fine weather, loads of dryads to cook the evening meal. They cut off the heads of the fish for the cooking-pots, threw the backbones and fins to the dogs, and spread the bodies on boulders, or across horizontal poles to dry in the sun. The whole party then reassembled an hour or two before midnight, and, squatting outside the tents, gnawed the fish-heads, bone by bone, and discussed the day's adventures. The hungry dogs looked on with mournful eyes; tied to stones, they dined miserably on bones and broth.

I hunted, most of this period, to obtain caribou meat for my starving dog-team, but during a fortnight's steady tramping saw but two young bulls, which we consumed entirely in three days. The stony ridges cut to pieces my light sealskin boots, intended only for soft snow, and Icehouse, who had tried to patch them each evening, finally rebelled. "Stop hunting for a time," she said. "Your boots are wrecked beyond repair, and caribou will be scarce until the warmer weather comes and the mosquitoes drive them near our camps. Stop hunting, and I will make you new boots with stouter soles for the summer months."

It was not only my boots that troubled her. She believed that an evil demon, haunting the hills to the

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ward from the hole, slowing down to a walk as the end of the line approached the under surface of the ice. The fish, half drowned by its rapid ascent, had then no time to jerk itself free of the hook, although it might easily tear loose if it struck the edge of the fishing-hole. By slowing down to a walk, Ikpuck could govern its passage through the ice with more caution.

For the guidance of the uninitiated angler I should add two rules that the Eskimos have tested and found useful. Respect the craving of trout and salmon for water by turning the heads of your catch toward the pool; then others will surely gather to your hook and seek to join their brethren on the ice. Secondly, when you lower your line into the water again, do not forget to say, "Encore, encore, give me another."

The rules concerning diet I cannot recommend with the same confidence. The Eskimos, who knew no vegetables save the semi-digested moss in the stomachs of the caribou, ate only meat and fish, preferably boiled, for second choice dried or frozen, and raw when necessary. Here in the Colville Hills scarcity of fuel made boiled fish a luxury that we could enjoy only two or three times a week. Breakfast consisted always of a half-raw fish taken from a drying-pole and consumed usually in one's sleeping-bag; dinner did not exist, and supper was boiled fish on lucky days and the same as breakfast on unlucky. The digestions